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ONE THING HE CAN NOT SHAKE OFF.

PUCK.

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UNDER THE ARTISTIC CHARGE OF - - - - - J. S. KEPPLER
 BUSINESS-MANAGER - - - - - A. SCHWARZMANN
 EDITOR - - - - - H. C. BUNNER

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The date printed on the wrapper of each paper denotes the time when subscription expires.

"Populus vult decipi, ergo decipiat."

During the last quarter the average circulation of PUCK was
 1,190,377.

The sales of last week's PUCK were

2,620,112 48-49*

Yours for truth and modesty,

PUCK.

* To correct erroneous entry last week of 1-49 sold to a distinguished statesman because it contained a soap advertisement. The D. S. says the soap is good; but his case is beyond soap.

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CARTOONS AND COMMENTS.

"A-a-a-ah!" said Mr. Jimmy Mulvaney, of the Fawt Wawd: "I want to know what them swally-tails is makin' all this fuss for, about Chet Art'ur. 'Tain't offn one er the boys gits made President, fer a fact. Local infloence don't do no good to gitther ther, an' the orifice ain't naathin' so extry, neither. So 'tain't much 'f a place for the boys. But still, ther ain't no call for them swally-tail dudes to sit down on one of the boys when he happens to git ther, an' try t' make b'lieve he ain't got no place ther, and don' b'long ther, nohow. Here's a whole line of them merc'nteel swells gits up an' talks about his 'past associates,' an' his 'evil counselors,' 'n' so on, jes' 's if the boys wasn't good enough for them to be friends with. What'd they do without the boys, I'd like to know. Do they think they run this town, I'd like to know. A lugsy lot they are—puttin' on more frills than a new policeman—talkin' about the boys as if they was t'ieves. Who's a t'ief? Am I a t'ief? I was t'ree years in the prize-ring, now, an' I can put up my dukes with any man who says I'm a t'ief. Maybe one of them swally-tails wants to come down here an' tell me I ain't good enough for him!"

"Anyhow, I don' understand what they're kickin' at Chet for. Chet was alwuz a sorter

dude—held his head high, an' put on lots of style. He ain't no flannel-mouth—he ain't no Mick. Nor he never associated with no low-down classes. The fellers he traveled with was all gentlemen—Johnny O'Brine, an' me, and parties like us—all gentlemen—not a snide in the gang. Why, hear 'em a-buzzin' about 'low associations'! Didn't Chet useter be Steve French's best friend? Call Steve French a 'low association'? Why, he's a gentleman t'roo and t'roo—jus' 's much a gentleman as me or you are, sir. An' Chet was alwuz a square man, sir. Here among the boys, between you 'n' I, it don' do to be too particler about other fellies' business, nor how they git their boodle. But Chet was never into naathin' crooked. He was alwuz jus' 's straight as a man can be, an' he alwuz associated with company that was fit for the best of them old mummy gents up on Fi'th Avenyer. 'Low associations'!—Johnny O' Brine and Steve and me—a-a-ah, what times we useter had, a-hangin' onto this here self-same bar! What 'll you have, sir—have sunthin' with me."

The annual tribute of respect paid to the memory of those who lost their lives during the war will be given with the usual stereotyped exercises on Friday next. Decoration Day is a beautiful and ennobling anniversary, and it should not be referred to in a light or flippant manner. Yet there are several new groups that we could suggest in the procession that would be at once striking and instructive. At any rate, they would not be more incongruous than some of the advertising soap-wagons with which we are so familiar. Why not have something entirely new? The recent Wall Street collapse will furnish the material, and what enthusiasm would it create! The cheers that would go out from thousands of lusty throats would rend the heavens. Mr. Ferdinand Ward should be the principal figure, and decorated in a manner that befits his present situation—with fetters. He would have a number of fellows in the same line of business to keep him company. The psalm-singing banker, who is given to hypothecate and rehypothecate bonds that are

not his, and to cheat poor, hard-working people out of their savings. The dude bank-president who speculates on Wall Street with the money of the depositors and securities of the bank, and nearly ruins a phenomenally generous father, must be there, too, properly labelled. So well labelled, in fact, that there would be no mistaking him for some of his neighbors. Not that they are any better, so far as the results of their actions went; but their methods were, perhaps, more conventionally respectable.

Mr. C. C. Baldwin, a prominent member of the Union Club, has resigned—not his membership, no Union Club man does that, he prefers to be expelled; but the presidency of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Company. It is stated by some that Mr. C. C. Baldwin was obliged to take this step through "a Gould trick." Be this as it may, it is certain that Mr. Baldwin and Mr. Gould were excellent friends, and were frequently in each other's company. Some people were amazed. They asked "why a pure-blooded aristocrat like Mr. Baldwin, a member of the Union Club, should associate with Mr. Gould." "Ah, de-ah boy," Mr. Baldwin would say, when in the goodness of his heart he would allow some of his awfully swell friends to have some of his L. & N. stock: "we must be polite even to parvenu millionaires." But our E. C. the New York Times professes to have discovered the real reason of Mr. Jay Gould's intimacy with Mr. Baldwin and his subsequent change of base. He wished his son, Mr. George Gould, to become a member of the Union Club through Mr. Baldwin's influence, and he discovered it would not work. We wish to assure young Mr. George Gould that he loses nothing by not being a member of the Union Club. On the contrary, he will gain in public esteem. The members are really not the sacred white elephants that he takes them to be, and it was indeed not worth while for his father to make the smallest sacrifice to get him there. We gave Mr. Jay Gould credit for greater independence of character. We trust that the wily millionaire is not going to develop into a snob.

THE WORLD MOVES.



WHY COULD NOT THE DRY-GOODS STYLE OF ADVERTISING BE USED TO ADVANTAGE IN THE RESTAURANT BUSINESS?

JUNE.



If May 's the month of daisies, why, June 's the month of roses,
When blossoms out the Jacqueminot in cardinal divine;
When the seaside hostel opens and the stuffy theatre closes,
And e'en the poorest millionaire on strawberries may dine.

And June is very near at hand, and up my heart goes bounding,
Even now I feel her breezes, and already can I hear
The toot of her excursion-steamer in my fancy sounding,
And the splash of the unnaturally hoary-headed beer.

For it fills me with an ecstasy excessively ecstatic
When in my new Spring garments I wander where I will,
Along the pavement or in piney woodlands aromatic,
And my tailor leave in solitude to nurse his little bill.

Although she coyly lingers, yet I know that she is coming,
I know it not by tender skies nor by the early pea;
Nor by the pale asparagus, nor by the bumble's humming,
June's herald comes a lovelier and dearer way to me.

Nor by the passion-panting of Milwaukee's tuneful Ella,
Nor by the Spring cathartic "ad" is borne that message sweet—
But I know that June is here when the crimson sun-umbrella
Comes like a prince of poppies to illuminate the street.

Oh, take me out and tie me up—for cussedness and passion,
I could lay out Ella Wheeler as she were a paper doll.

I don't care a rip bang whiffle-tree if it is *not* the fashion—
I could eat a pretty girl beneath a poppy parasol.

A. H. OAKES.

ART AND ARKANSAS.

Good Lord, what a hayseed howl went up to the roof of the House of Representatives when the bill equalizing the duties on works of art was reported from the Ways and Means Committee! That horny-headed friend of the workingman, Dunn, from Arkansas, sprang wildly to the front, and, with the fire of high enthusiasm beaming in his eye and oozing out in his language, told the House that if he had the conversational powers of Mr. Hurd, of Ohio, he would recount to them the outrage of the poor.

Now we haven't the exact guage of Mr. Hurd's eloquence; but we think Dunn did pretty well, for a plain man from Arkansas. He apostrophized Mr. Hurd, who didn't happen to agree with him in this instance, and reminded that hapless statesman that he himself—Hurd—had recently been, so to speak, whooping it up to oppressed labor.

"Sir," said the gentleman from Arkansas to the Speaker, referring to the inconsistent Hurd:

"Sir, with his rare gifts of eloquence he transported us from these Halls to the huts of the toiling and shivering poor of our Northern climes, and, holding us spell-bound, he recounted to us the wrongs that were put upon them, and the deep damnation of the taxation that they do endure.

"He fairly made us shiver with imaginary cold in sympathy with them, and burn with indignation as he recounted their wrongs. Alas! has he, too, forgotten the poor and the shivering and the starving? Has he so soon departed from the precincts of their comfortless homes? Has he turned his back upon them and gone to dwell in the palaces of the rich? Is his eloquence no more to stir a nation's sympathy for them? Has Hotspur's spur grown cold? If we will pass this bill, paintings, statuary and works of art worth \$30,000 or \$100,000 each may be imported at ten per cent, while coarse woolen goods worn by the poor are to remain at from sixty-five to one hundred per cent.

"Tax the salt of the humblest laborers of the land, and take off the tax from the one-hundred-thousand-dollar painting and other works of art of the millionaire! Is that justice? Tax the wool hat or the blankets of the toiling millions, and take it off of the luxuries of the rich! [Applause.] Tax the trace-chains, the implements of industry of the laboring masses, and give the wealthy their luxuries and ornaments free! Give away the revenues of the Government from whisky to jobbers, but leave the tax to be paid by the consumer!

"Sir, go on in that line of revenue reform (?) and the country will rise up and ask us: 'Is all this pretension of tariff reform a Trojan horse with an army of spoilsmen concealed within it, or are you earnestly and honestly for reforming the Administration and reducing taxation?' [Applause.] Sir, let us all go home, if that is the rule and if that is to be our policy, with our heads bowed

down in shame and humiliation, confessing our sins, and calling upon the mountains to fall upon us and hide us from the sight of a deceived and betrayed people."

And what was this bill that thrilled the friend of toil from Arkansas with patriot indignation? Why, it was simply a bill reducing to a reasonable figure the shameful discriminating tax on the importation of the paintings of foreign artists—an old outrage on foreign governments that give our poor American students, free of money or charge, an art education which the horny-headed from Arkansas can as well appreciate as a cow can appreciate cream cheese.

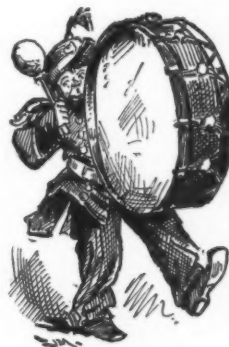
But it was a great day for hayseed and the horny-headed, all the same.

AN EXCEPTIONAL CASE.



BACHELOR.—"Heavens, I think Protection is needed from Spring Music."

Puckerings.



RUB-A-DUB-DUB,
And here I come,
The man with the solid
Old campaign drum,
Ready to drum,
And to drum for pay,
Till I drum your political
Doubts away.
Ready to drum, by day or
night,
Enthusiasts' blood up to
fever-height—
Ready to drum till the old
wounds ache,
Ready to drum for a black-
guard's sake—
Ready to drum for an hon-
est man;

To do the best—and the most I can.
Ready to thrill till the drum-heads strain,
Booming the cause of Blaine of Maine;
Ready to rumble and throb and roar,
Telling them Arthur is up once more;
Ready to thunder and thrum as loud
As sheep-skin can, to a Logan crowd:
Ready to drum for Samuel J.,
And drum to the coming of Judgement Day;
Ready to drum for any "boys"
Who have the money to pay for my noise—
What? no principles?—Not a one,
Save "get your cash when your work is done."
Don't scowl—even so, I am better far
Than the run of your politicians are.

THE HEAD-STONE—A Diamond.

THE GREATEST IRISH AGITATOR—Potheen.

DID IT ever occur to you that when the Sultan goes to cross the Bosphorus he takes the caique?

MR. WALTER BESANT says that some nineteenth century novelists will never be suffered to die. Did it not make us sad to differ with Walter, we should marvel that some nineteenth century novelists were ever permitted to live.

FALSE QUANTITIES—Fifteen hundred pounds of coal for a ton; the pint of wine you get in a quart-bottle with the bottom blown up a foot; and the thimble of foam given in an ordinary-sized glass at Coney Island.

A "TAXANOME COMPANY" in Hamburg has started vehicles provided with an apparatus which, by the turning of wheels, marks the exact distance run. A taxanome would not be of much use as an attachment to a messenger-boy. It would always point to zero.

THE QUESTION of the day seems to be: Who is Obermann? Obermann, we take great pleasure in stating, was a type-setter on a comic paper which has been dead some years. Obermann was noted for his knowledge of metaphysics and his rare skill in making blunders which perverted the author's meaning. One day Matthew Arnold walked in with a poem on "Spring in England." It was full of tender allusions to hop-vines, vetches, mavis, merles, pimpernels, etc. He had a pretty picture of the Lady Alice feeding the swans and guinea-pigs out on the mall of Lord Walter's spacious demesne. Obermann secured the copy and succeeded in making the Lady Alice feed the swans and "gunnybags." Then Matthew came in and waxed wroth, and girded up his loins to thrash Obermann, who remained in a beer saloon until Matthew left. Then the poet wrote him up, and sarcastically called him a German metaphysician. Obermann has murdered our copy, too, and made us writhe with agony; but we never called him a German metaphysician. We simply said we wanted to speak to him. And when he left the office a sadder and a sorer man, it was difficult to say which he needed most, a new shirt or a new set of features.

A PROPOSAL.

Little Pet,
When with dew the grass is wet,
We in rosy mood will set
Out to seek where signs are met
With the legend gay "To Let."
We a purple house will get
Where the sparrows chat and fret,
And the dreamy lawn a net
Is of fern and violet.
There, together, care—regret
We will conquer; Harte the Bret
I will read to you till yet
Brighter burn your eyes of jet.
Answer, tell me, little pet,
Will you go with me?
"You bet!"

E. W.

THE HON. EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

HE HAD HOPES OF THE NOMINATION, BUT HE
CHEERFULLY YIELDS TO HIS OLD
FRIEND, BEN BUTLER.

For the past three months I have maintained a dignified but suggestive silence, confidently hoping and expecting that my old oilymargarine friends and the other members of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Insects would sally forth from their hibernational lairs and insist on again tendering me the nomination for President of the United States.

But I have been disappointed.
I have waited in vain.

No enthusiastic committee has sought me out to thrust upon my reluctant acceptance the honors which I had so long and so patiently coveted.

It made me sick at the stomach when I reflected upon the treacherous defection of the friends of my youth, whom I had assisted by word and deed in the halcyon days of yore.

In the bitterness of my soul, I was just on the point of offering myself as a candidate for the office, when the echoing wires bear to my trembling ears the joyful tidings that my old friend, General Benjamin Butler, has been tendered the nomination.

I am glad, and rejoice.

In my own mind, I do not think he can make so good a President as I would; but I do not furnish this idea for publication. When I am interviewed by the intrepid and persistent reporter, I always say that Mr. Butler is the only man in the United States fit to run for the exalted office of President.

He can run the Government on a more economical basis than any other man, with the same money.

He can lay down more general principles than any ordinary party can pick up in the course of an entire campaign.

He is by no means squeamish as to what party nominates him, so long as he is nominated, and has a fair and square opportunity to receive the votes of the suffragists of the Union.

I could not for a single moment think of running against my old friend; and so I give him a free field, so far as I am concerned, and am content to bide my time until the worthy General shall have served out his regular term of four years, unless he should be sooner reprieved by a clement Executive.

I am quite enthusiastic over this nomination, and am ready to shout "Hurrah!" whenever I get the "tip," and I am willing to get it at almost any time; but I did hope that I might have been nominated. I want the office like a dog—but never mind. Benjamin shall have it, just as soon as he is elected. I do not covet

the office at all, as long as my old friend is a candidate on the same platform. I wish him all joy. He will probably be maligned and abused and slandered, and have unsavory eggs thrown at him; but he will pay no attention to trifles like these, if he can only be elected.

These are precarious times, and any man who is not willing to run for the Presidency is fit for treason, stratagem and boils. I am not fit for treason and boils and things. I am quite willing to run for the Presidency; but, as long as Ben has got the nomination, I wouldn't throw a stack of straw in his way. Long may he wave o'er the land of the home and the brave of the free. My enthusiasm over his nomination knows no bounds. I am so glad I could weep, if somebody should hit me with a club.

There is a prevalent impression in this country, where we can turn our hands to almost any profitable industry, and make wooden hams and nutmegs, and artificial butter and eggs, that any native-born citizen may be President.

But this is a mistake. There are some natives that couldn't be President if they were to live a thousand years. They haven't got the cheek, the nerve and the boodle—especially the boodle.

Only one man can be President at a time, and he must have the boodle.

Either directly or indirectly.

I have plenty of the latter, but I acknowledge my deficiency in the former; so I cheerfully but reluctantly stand aside for my old friend Benjamin, hoping that he may win, if he doesn't lose, and that he may continue to occupy the Presidential chair till he hasn't a bald hair left on his head.

Yours enthusiastically,

EPHRAIM MUGGINS.

"DOUBLING THE CAPE"—Folding it, and putting it in camphor for the Summer.

AFTER AWHILE a man who has been in Wall Street will find it as difficult to find employment in a legitimate business as does the man who has been in State's Prison.

TROCHES.

IF A POLITICIAN had a raging hornet-sting on his neck, it is more than likely that his enemies would stop throwing mud at him for a while.

THERE is a great deal of difference between "kismet" and "fate," although they both mean the same thing. One is Arabic, the other English, and each signifies fate. Yet, there is some difference between them. When the full-blown rose is knocked out by a wind-storm on or about the third of June, the poet calls it kismet. But when the sheriff makes a party-call for the purpose of appraising your chattels, with a view to selling them at auction to satisfy a grocer's bill, the matter-of-fact man calls it fate. That is the difference between the two words. Destiny, of course, is a synonym; but that word is used to excuse the rash act of a charming young lady who has just married an ancient Quaker with five or six children ranging in age from one to ten years.

THE OTHER day an old sun-burned farmer was asleep in the cars, with his head thrown back and his hat drawn over his eyes. The conductor, who happened to be near-sighted, came along and saw the red ear, and thought it was the man's ticket stuck in his hat. So, not wishing to awaken the dreaming agriculturist, he bent softly down and drove a hole through that bucolic ear with his punch. In an instant the farmer let off a screech that caused the engineer to stop the train under the impression that something serious had happened. Then he attempted to maul the conductor, who thereupon put him off the train for disturbing the peace.

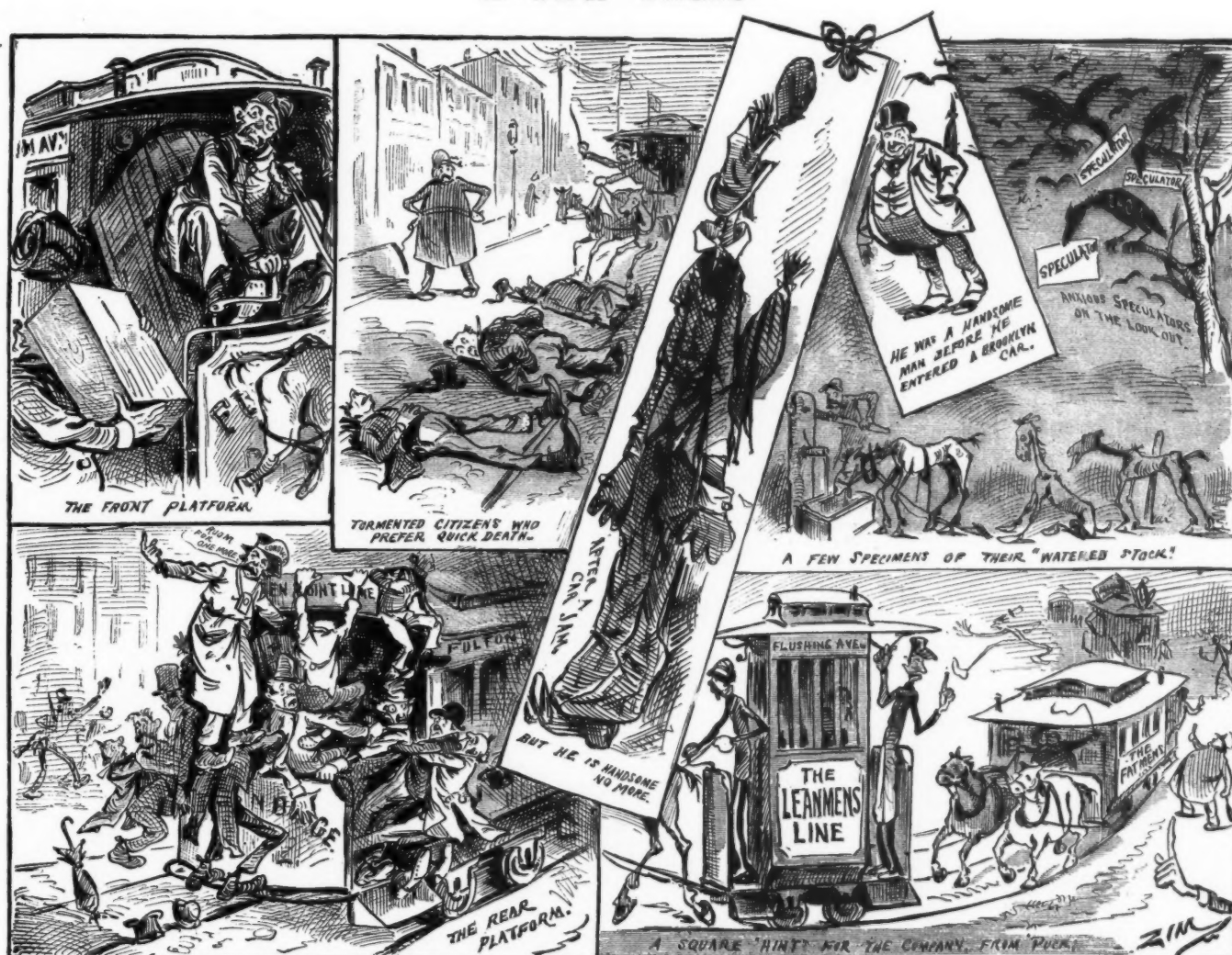
The moral of this little fable teaches us that if we have ears that look like railroad-tickets, we should keep them where they can not be punched, and that we should do our sleeping at home, and not in the cars. It also teaches us that, if we are railroad conductors, we should not be courteous and punch tickets without disturbing passengers, but should rudely wake them up with a slap on the back every time.

SPECIAL TO PUCK.



THE LATEST MOVE AMONG THE DYNAMITE SYMPATHIZERS.

A FEW FACTS—



CONCERNING THE CROWDED CARS OF THE BROOKLYN ANTI-FAT SURFACE RAILROAD COMPANY.

AN ANALOGY.

A young man, recently from college, was sitting in the library with his grandfather out in the country a few days ago. The old man, greatly interested in the welfare of the youngster, said:

"When do you think you will be admitted to the bar?"

"Never," responded the young man, as he twirled his handkerchief around his finger: "I am going to abandon law altogether."

"Abandon law?" said the old man, in a perplexed sort of way.

"Yes; I have been in college for four years, and I am fit for something higher. I know how to row and spar and wrestle and run, and I am a good curve-pitcher. In short, I am a first-rate all-round athlete, and I am going to make it pay."

The old man was thunderstruck. He eyed the youth as though he supposed he had been drinking, or was only joking.

"You know great stakes are won, and much money made out of athletics," said the young man: "and money made out of a boat-race is just as good as money made out of dry-goods, or money taken to defend murderers."

"But suppose you lose?" inquired grandfather, with a commercial shake of the head: "do you make any money then?"

"You do," replied the young man: "if you know what you're about. You contend with a man worthy of you for a small stake, and let him win. Then you lose the stake, but you

double all the money you give your friends to bet against you."

The old man shook his head, beat his toothless jaw with the end of his finger, and glanced out at the blossoming trees. He was lost in deep reflection.

"And then," went on the young man: "you can start a bar-room after you have acquired a small reputation, and make lots of money without doing a thing except watch the cashier."

And as the old man rocked softly to and fro, he turned his glance from the bloom-clad trees upon the young man, and said:

"But don't you know such a course will ostracize you from good society?"

"I beg your pardon, you are wrong there," responded the youngster.

"Will you tell me how you are going to hold your social position when you are a professional athlete and gambler, and the associate of sports and gamblers?"

"Yes, sir, I will tell you how I am going to do it. I am going to do it just as the Wall Street sport and gambler does it. I am first going to join a fashionable church and make frequent donations."

"And what are you going to do then?" broke in the oldster.

"And then I am going to join a swell Fifth Avenue club."

"And what then?" inquired the old man, rising.

"And then," replied the young Hercules, with a polite bow: "I shall challenge John L. Sullivan for five thousand dollars a side, and call it Speculation."

R. K. M.

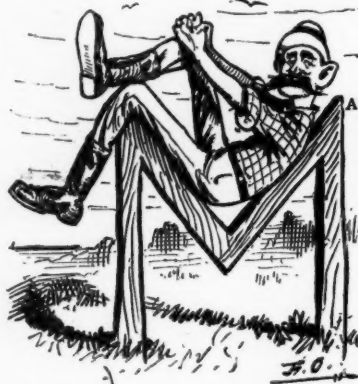
FREE LUNCH.

WE LEARN from the household department of one of our exchanges that there is such a delicacy—probably so called out of courtesy—as green-apple ice-cream. We didn't read the recipe, because we didn't want to become possessors of the horrible secret, lest peradventure we might tell it in the bosom of our family in an unguarded moment, and have it sprung on us some day. When a man eats green-apple ice-cream, he will practically be on a bender. We don't go on benders ourselves. If we did, we should not depend on green-apple ice-cream to bend us. We should take the apple in a more advanced state and different form.

A NEGRO POKER-PLAYER was recently wandering across a garden at night with a view to purloining some rhubarb, when he accidentally stumbled across a hive of queen-bees, and in about three-quarters of a second went flying across that garden and down the road yelling like a wild Indian. After he emerged from the creek into which he had jumped for mud to deaden the pain caused by the bees, he sat down on a rock and waited for midnight, that he might sneak home without being seen by his friends.

The moral of this fable teaches us that it is more healthful to purchase rhubarb at five cents a bunch than to run the risk of being shot stealing it. It also teaches us that jumping into a creek at midnight is apt to bring on malaria, and that a queen in the sleeve is worth several thousand in the legs of one's trousers.

MR. MARDIGRAS O'MALLEY. XV.



MARDIGRAS O'MALLEY, the foreman of the night-shift in the Golden Goose Mine, was a great practical joker. He was passionately fond of little April Fool surprises and sells and gags and guys by which he could make some one feel silly, and then join in the laugh with much merriment. He was the kind of man to pull your chair away while you made a response to a toast, and then he would ripple forth into merry laughter when you drove your spine into the floor and pulled the table-cloth, with \$987 worth of Mumm's Extra Dry and cut glass, into your lap.

Mardigras O'Malley worked nights, and thought of devilry day-times. He worked twelve hours, and his mental relaxation during the other twelve was to ponder on some scheme by which he could induce a warm personal friend to swallow a can of what he called "consecrated ley" or "joint powder," or break his neck for the enjoyment of the careless throng. We had one gosling named Harrison. He worked nights at the mine, and the boys called him Malignant Measles because he was always doing something rash. You know how a crew of men will get to calling a man some kind of a *nom de plume* or other, and it will stick to him a hundred years.

Mr. Malignant Measles was all the time bragging about his tough feet. He said he could run a mile through the snow barefoot, and never even get up a glow on the soles of his feet. He allowed that he would run a half-mile and back for a purse of ten dollars any night between Christmas and New Year's Day, Marquis of Queensberry rules.

Finally Mardigras O'Malley saw a chance to have some fun, and so he raised the purse, and held the money in his hands as referee.

O'Malley got appointed one of the judges, and a friend of his named Truman J. Wise was the other. Mr. Wise was a kind of poker partner of O'Malley's.

Well, they picked out a regular old stinger of a night, when the mercury begged to be brought in and cared for. We all nearly froze. They were afraid that Measles wouldn't get the full benefit of the cool and bracing air, so the judges sprinkled salt on the snow, and got him out there ready for the start. Measles said:

"Now you must get me started right away, bekuz, you must rikollect, I'm in my bare feet, rikollect, and you fellers has got your overshoes on."

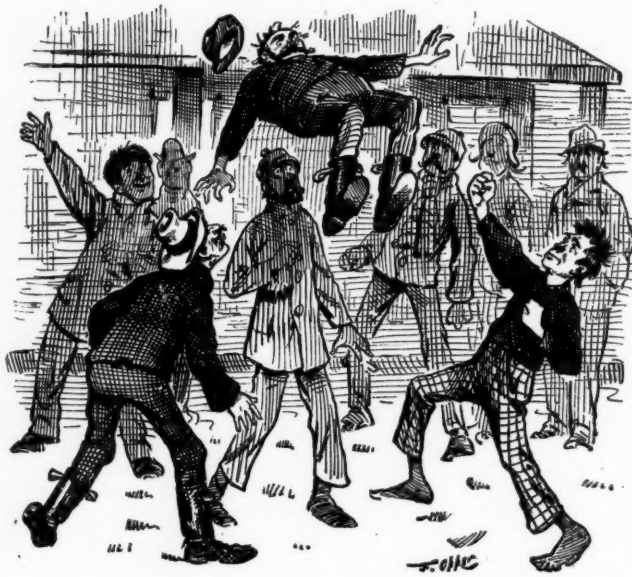
O'Malley said that was all right, and asked Wise whether Measles was to start on the word, or at the drop of the handkerchief, or on the firing of a revolver.

Wise thought a revolver-shot was the most abrupt and spontaneous sound with which to start a fleet-footed flyer from Flytown. O'Malley thought that "One, two, three—go!" would be just as good; but Wise mildly suggested that he could not possibly agree to that old, played-out process. O'Malley gave his reasons why it was just as well, and urged the inconvenience of finding a revolver in a mining camp. Nine-teen, all loaded, flashed forth in answer to this argument.

Malignant Measles began to get restless. He stood on one foot and then on the other. His feet began to look like those of the November gander. He didn't see why either way wouldn't do. Still the two judges were stubborn. They stood there and argued the matter up and down. It seemed to me like an hour that those two men labored with each other, while Measles paddled around over the salted snow.

Once he started to go into the camp, and said he'd come out when they got the thing settled; but Wise said they'd agree in a minute, so they got Measles back and commenced the parley again.

All at once it began to bore its way into the place where Measle's brain should have been that O'Malley was working off one of his practical jokes. Then you should have seen Mr. Malignant Measles break out. He knocked O'Malley clear over a tall man, and before the judge could recover had secured the ten-dollar purse. Then he put his cold feet in the pit of O'Malley's stomach, warmed his icy hands in Mr. O'Malley's clustering hair, and kneaded him up generally.



—He knocked O'Malley clear over a tall man.—

I do not remember when I ever saw such a spontaneous retribution, or the frosty air so full of whiskers and other *débris*.

Mardigras O'Malley had to introduce himself to all his old friends after he got well. Pulling a man's nose out about six inches, like a concertina, and tying a knot in it, will change the expression of most any man's face.

That's the way it was with O'Malley. When his nose got well enough, so that he could wipe it with a steam-derrick and a bed-quilt, he went to work; but you couldn't make him touch a practical joke with a ten-foot pole. He hated to give any one needless pain, he said.

BILL NYE.

THE FIRST MOSQUITO.

The wind was blowing a young gale, when the first Jersey mosquito awoke from his long winter's nap in the Hackensack meadows, and rubbed his eyes with his hind-leg. He was mad when he saw the tall reeds bent under the fury of the blast. He kicked himself all over his mossy bed for having set the alarm on his clock a day too soon. He swore big blue New Jersey oaths, and put on his old plug-hat. He sharpened his bill on a stone, and said something that sounded like Sam, only there was a big D in front of the word, when he couldn't find his blood-stone collar-button.

Picking up his green cotton umbrella and carpet-bag, he fastened on a pair of false whiskers and started off. His wings were a little stiff at first, but the north wind gave him a boost and off he sailed toward New York. As he swept over Union Hill he looked below him and saw what a fat crop of human beings were waiting to be relieved of blood.

When the first mosquito reached the North River he was tired, and stole a ride over on a Pennsylvania ferry-boat. Courtlandt Street was full of trucks when he got off the boat. He spread his gauzy wings once more, and flew away over the house-tops until he neared City Hall. Four disconsolate and friendless Aldermen were chewing tooth-picks on the steps of the marble building. When the mosquito learned that the Aldermen were no longer bosses, he merely cast a pitying glance below and flew on to the Bridge.

By this time he was hungry, and attempted to feed on a policeman; but the wind whirled him away up Chatham Street, and before he knew it he was at Chatham Square. He was a tramp—a mere outcast—a mosquito in a strange city. He had lost one leg in the journey to New York, and he flew crooked. He wanted work, and thought of offering himself to one of the dime-museums "on the Square." He started toward the "Great and Only," but the wind blew hard and he clung on to the windward side of a telegraph-pole.

The wind blew harder, and he dug his toe-nails in deeper and deeper. His green cotton umbrella was blown away; then his grip-sack went, scattering his diamonds, collar-buttons and tooth-picks all along Chatham Street. The poor mosquito crawled into a knot-hole and was blown out. Still he clung on with the persistency of a dying mosquito. His face turned red with the strain, and his eyes bulged out in horror. A fiercer blast of wind, and the first mosquito falls to the pavement a torn, tattered, strained and cross-eyed victim of Boreas's fury.

A boot-black recognizes him as he lies there weak and disgusted with New York life, and tries to kill him with his blacking-box; but, rather than die by a mortal's hand, the first mosquito meekly crawls into a sewer and patiently awaits death.

When the pale full moon sails calmly o'er the summer sky in June, shedding its soft effulgent rays on the bald spot on the beautiful and agonizing fire-fly and the seraphic form of the lyre-toned mud-turtle, as they warble duets from the opera of "Hackensack," the departed spirit of the first mosquito will appear in its favorite haunts, wandering around, and, like *Hamlet's* father's ghost, doomed to walk the earth for going on a bender in May.

N. W. WILSON.

AH, WHAT stores and stores of solid comfort are embodied in the tender reflection that last year's straw hat is as good as ever, and will do first-rate for another season—after a new band is put on, that one's friends may not recognize it.

WHY is it that a man never thinks of winding the clock up at night until after he has put the light out and jumped into bed?

THE OLD TICKET!!

CLAY AND FRELINGHUYSEN.

CAN IT WIN?

THE WHIG CANDIDATES OF 1844 AGAIN ON DECK.

Perhaps no campaign since the United States has been a nation was ever entered upon with so much doubt. Neither party seems to be sure of victory. Both are divided in opinion, and it is almost impossible to predicate on the result.

Mr. James G. Blaine has many friends, but not a few enemies. President Arthur is much in the same position. Senator Edmunds is looked upon as a potterer, and Senator Logan isn't at present looked upon in any way worth talking about.

Nor is the Democratic party in a better position.

We have heard a great deal about Holman, but not so much as we used to. Rayard is occasionally mentioned, but only among a select few. Flower has not been lost sight of, and Macdonald has some friends, and there are even voices for Cleveland.

Then many people talk about the old ticket, meaning Tilden and Hendricks, as if they had the slightest chance of being elected. For, indeed, it is not an old ticket. How can a nomination made but eight years ago be considered old?

But there is a real old ticket, just forty years old, that is receiving a great deal of attention just now, and in whose favor the tide is strongly setting.

We should not be surprised to see Clay and Frelinghuysen nominated, and, perhaps, elected. The success of this ticket would, no doubt, bind all parties in the bonds of fraternal love, and the regular hack-candidates would be no more heard of.

Both of these gentlemen, it is true, have been quiet for some years. They have not been taking an active part in politics, and the fact of their not having done so is certain to secure them many votes, as so many people are tired of the abuse that is showered on better-known candidates by their respective supporters through the partisan newspapers.

The names of Clay and Frelinghuysen, we believe, will inspire as much enthusiasm in the breasts of the people in 1884 as in 1844, when they were nominated by acclamation by the National Whig Convention, which met in Baltimore in May of that year. It is true that they were defeated by James K. Polk and George M. Dallas, candidates of the Democratic party; but what of that? Better men have suffered in the same way.

Indeed, many of Mr. Clay's friends think that his singular want of success in 1824, in 1832 and in 1844 would rather be in his favor than otherwise.

Certainly Mr. Clay's record is good. Perhaps the only thing that can be said against him is that he opposed the annexation of Texas; but that, now, has been pretty well forgotten. The charges that the partisans of Jackson made against him of "bargain and corruption," and his supposed coalition with Mr. Adams, were never proved, and there could not have been much foundation for them.

Mr. Clay ought certainly to be able to carry New York, and he might depend on receiving the votes of the "Solid South."

Mr. Theodore Frelinghuysen, too, is a good man. He was born in 1787. He knows Mr. Clay thoroughly. His enemies object to him on the ground that he is too religious. This charge really ought not to stand in the way of his election. It is perfectly true that he advocated a bill to suppress the carrying of mails on the Sabbath, and that he supported Mr. Clay's resolution in the Senate for a national fast-day during the season of the cholera; but he is not likely to do either of these things again.

A PUCK reporter was sent to interview a number of prominent persons, to obtain their opinions with regard to the candidates.

Said the REV. HENRY WARD BEECHER: "If Clay and Frelinghuysen are nominated, I will vote for them. It will be a grand ticket, and will carry the country."

HON. AUGUST BELMONT: "Tilden and Hendricks have no chance if Clay and Frelinghuysen are in the field."

JOHN KELLY: "I shall certainly work for Clay and Frelinghuysen; they will have the support of Tammany."

HENRY WATTERSON: "Clay and Frelinghuysen will sweep the country. Tilden will be out of the race."

JAMES G. BLAINE: "I am no longer hopeful of success, since the names of Clay and Frelinghuysen have been mentioned."

PRESIDENT ARTHUR: "I shall certainly not be elected, if Clay and Frelinghuysen are candidates."

MIKE CREGAN: "Every man in the country will vote for Clay and Frelinghuysen."

SAMUEL J. TILDEN: "I shall withdraw from the contest. My choice is as follows:

THE OLD TICKET.

For President:

HENRY CLAY.

For Vice-President:

THEODORE FRELINGHUYSEN.

This ticket was defeated in '44; it will be successful in '84."

Rejected articles, ill-writ, mis-spelt,
Are not returned by PUCK or *Um die Welt*.

Answers for the Axious.

RED WING.—Child of the haughty aborigine, retire to the primeval woods. Write your poems there, on sheets of the fragrant birch-bark, sink them in the crystalline forest streams, and leave them to soak and ripen through the coming years. In this cold, unsympathetic office, we fear they would die prematurely.

PORTER VAN DALL.—Your poem beginning:

"What shall I do to earn the right to wait,
Silent to wait her benediction-touch?"

is very fine; but there is almost too much style about it for us. We have known just as nice girls as you ever met, and we have loved them, too, Porter, ay, right from the bottom of this manly old sole-leather heart of ours; but when you begin to talk about "benediction-touches," you are getting too vanilla altogether for us. Can't you fix up that poem so as to begin:

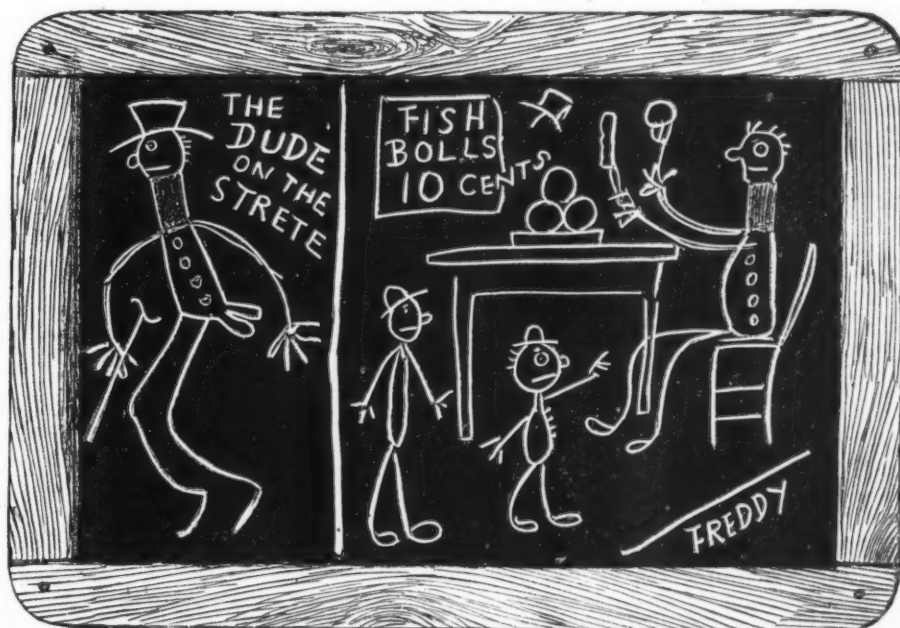
"What shall I do to earn the right to wait,
Silent to wait her benediction-touch?
I'll put some pepper on the old front gate,
And that blamed bull-dog won't hang round
so much."

That'll be more cheerful and more simple, anyway; though, even then, the first two lines will worry an ordinary citizen more or less.

P. S.—Ah ha! ah ha! we have it, Porter. Benediction-touch, eh? Called it plain kiss in our time; but, bless you, it doesn't matter what you call it.

FREDDY'S SLATE

AND HIS LITTLE LETTER TO THE EDITOR.



newyoarkmaytwentyseavan

dear puck

this car Toon wich i cend you This weak was verrey Dificult to dror

becos it shose 2 pickchures in 1 won is In the strete the uther is in A diem restrant

this car Toon is A bout the dude i thinc it is Getten time the dude was Exposed he is a frod An i can pruve it

there is a bos dude on ouer strete he is nott the king Of the dudes butt he Is mos as bad he has thiner leggs

he putts on Sow mutch stile that he makes The hole streat tierd there is not enuf strete for so mutch stile

he is a norfle masher An so swel his borden hous is not goud enuf four him an so he Tels

them Thatt he takes his fead at dell monnercus Or the brunswig

thatt wen down furse rait four some tiem but bineby jim jonson An me we plade we was wild trapers of the rockey mountens lik ole slooth the A vencher an we traled him wen he went for his fead an we cot him.

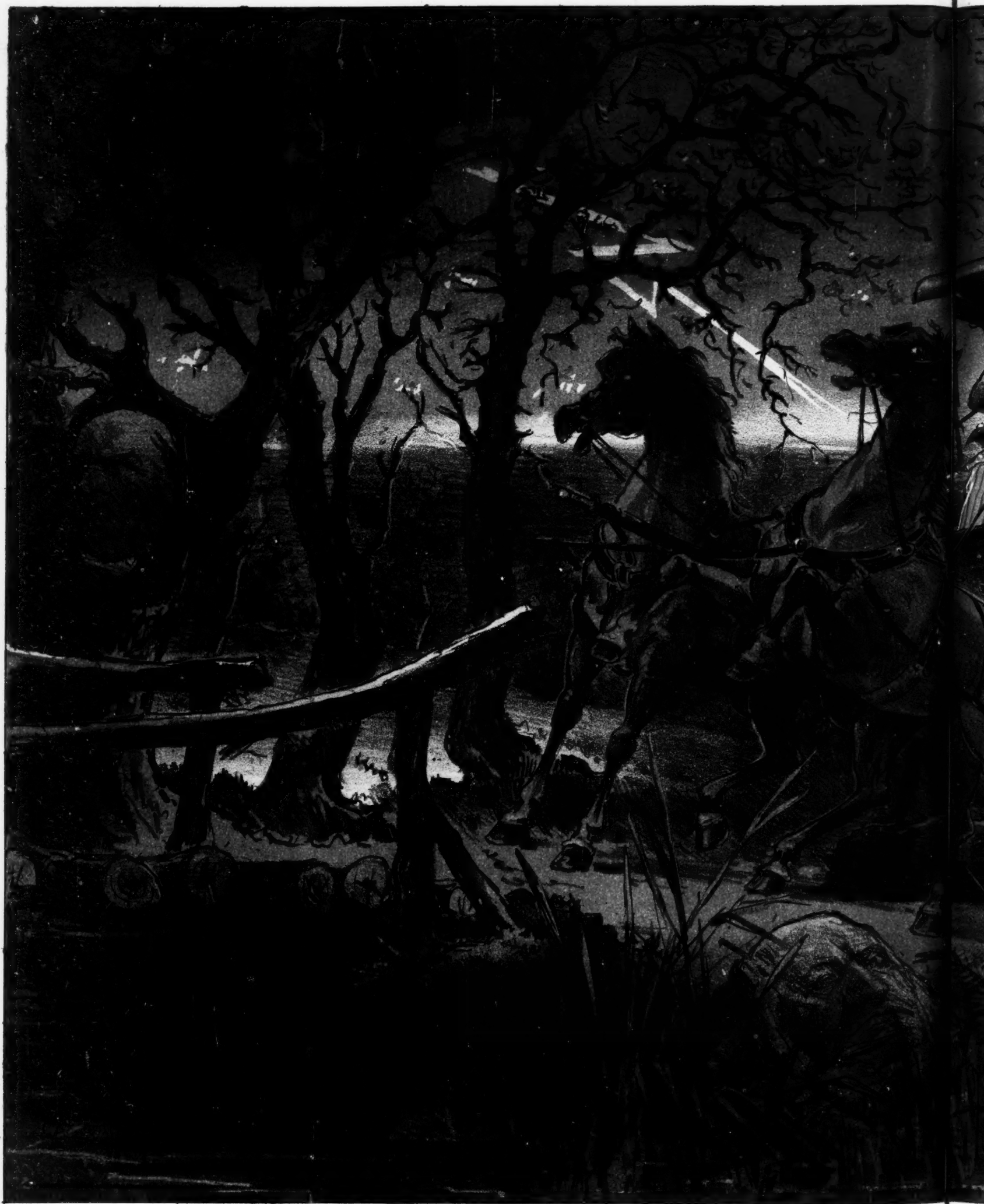
we cot him In a diem restrant shuvlen in fish bols at ten sense four 3 bols

this is me comen In furst an sayen har villen i have trackd you to youer despret lare jim jonson is comen In rite be hime me

this is lo down On the dude butt it is ded lodes of fun youers in haist

freddy

p s cen bac my slaight quiker than you did las tiem



OFFICE OF "PUCK" 23 WARREN ST. NEW YORK.

AN UNPLEASANT RIDE THROUGH THE



MAYER, MERKEL & OTTMANN. LITH. 21-25 WARREN ST. N.Y.

H THE PRESIDENTIAL "HAUNTED FOREST."

REMARKS BY ME.

Women are curious creatures. I suppose no one will have the hardihood to deny that.

But one curious thing about the curiousness of women is that you never really know how curious they are until you own one all by yourself. You may have noted, during your courtship, my young friend, that Angelina has occasionally displayed little sporadic eccentricities, that from time to time she has been unreasonable, that now and then she has even done and said things that you considered absurd? You have? Well, it would be very funny if you didn't. But you are quite easy in your mind about it. You observe to yourself that no human being is perfect; that Angelina therefore must of necessity be a little queer once in awhile; and that you yourself are queer very much oftener.

Which is true.

But then you are queer only by accident and on occasion, whereas Angelina is queer systematically and of malice aforethought, according to a consistent feminine plan. You don't believe it, George? I thought not. But you will after you've been married awhile.

It is my underclothing, just now. No, Angelina, you need not turn away and summon up the blush of innocence. I do not mean to harrow your young soul with striped and unseemly details. Even with a wife as good as mine is, and with material as good as that which she selects for me, my undergarments have not now, at the end of the season, that daintily-dyed freshness which would justify me in thrusting them upon the public gaze. I only wish to say of them that I am having the usual married-man's-spring-time-fight about them. I want to take them off. She wants me to keep them on.

She has locked up my thin garments, so she has rather the best of the argument at present. Still, I am not convinced that I am doing myself any good, running around this steaming town, sweltering in heavy flannels and wasting the perspiration which ought to come on a man like the gentle dew of heaven, and not like the squeezings of a horse-sponge. But my wife will have it that I shall catch cold if I take my thick underclothing off too soon. She says she had a grandfather who died of a cold caught by taking off his underclothing too soon. I wish to heavens she had had a grandfather who died of suffocation caused by keeping them on too long. The next thing she knows, she may be a husband short in that way. And his dying words will be: "Women are curious creatures."

And here is a lady who writes to me from Canada and sends a lot of indignation and cotton-silk scraps in her letter. This is her trouble, and it lies very heavy and bitter upon her soul. She saw an advertisement in a certain weekly paper, offering to send her or any other lady who would forward fourteen two-cent stamps the following desirable things:

- 1 lovely silk handkerchief, 20x20 inches.
- 1 package beautiful silk blocks for patchwork.
- 1 package embroidery silk and
- 3 months' subscription to the *Golden Cullender*, or some such paper.

And the poor lady sent her fourteen stamps, and got a consignment which she re-ships to me, all except the *Golden Cullender* and the silk handkerchief, which last, as she observes with much true pathos, is all cotton. The package of silk blocks consists of ten little squares of sleazy satine and cotton-silk. The package of sewing-silk is but a dreary little coil of cheap pink involved with a drearier coil of green. And then, as the poor lady says, the handkerchief is all cotton. And she can not have had much consolation out of the *Golden Cullender*, for she never even mentions it. On the whole,

I should calculate that the entire consignment she received was worth only—well, the handkerchief, considered as a cotton handkerchief—20 cents; the postage cost 4 cents, and the other two shipments were worth just about tuppence apiece.

Well, and doesn't that tot up just twenty-eight cents? It seems, then, my dear madam, that you expected to get more than twenty-eight cents' worth for twenty-eight cents? Now, my dear madam, do you think that business men are in the habit of giving away this revolving globe for fourteen two-cent postage-stamps? You want me to condemn the man who advertised and the publisher who printed the advertisement. But, dear madam, haven't you a little of that condemnation for the lady who tried to get more than the worth of her money?

By-the-way, she did get more. She got left and she got experience.

It is just a little case of Grant & Ward for one cent, you see.

I showed this to my wife, just now, to see if she would confirm my appraisal of values. She gave a little cry of recognition when she saw the "beautiful assorted silk blocks," and said, with a blush:

"Oh, dear, I didn't mean to let you see those—I was so ashamed of being taken in."

"My love," I said: "your shame was misapplied. You should have been ashamed of having tried to take in an innocent professional advertiser."

ME.

WHY DO you ask us to tell you the meaning of the term "off-year" in politics? What do you know about politics, Cordelia? What good is it going to do you if you know more about it than we do? You can not vote, except at a church-fair, when the proper person to receive the crazy-quilt is being selected. But we will tell you the meaning of the off-year, or years. They are the years between Presidential elections. The President, being once elected, is sure of his term of office, so he takes it easy and goes off fishing and shooting all the time, and that is the meaning of off-year, or years. The next time you write, ask us how to make Sunday-school lemonade without using a Sunday-school.

PUCK'S SWOP COLUMN.

We have noticed lately that many of our exchanges are publishing what they call "exchange columns," and which they generally head "Wanted to Exchange."

We have long thought of adding such a department to PUCK, owing to the fact that we were urged to do so by many of our subscribers in different parts of the world.

They evidently are sure that it would be a great boon to Mrs. Hungerford to say that she would like to exchange her pea-green parrot, slightly out of repairs, for an accordeon; and to Fritz Vogelshaaffitgelsungg to inform the world that he would gladly trade off his mocking-bird for a young alligator; or to Mrs. Hornby to express a desire to swop her new Excelsior clothes-wringer for a chromo of the "Drunkard's Return."

Therefore we shall print an exchange column. We are thankful that we have a few to start with, to show our readers what we mean.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—A few bonds of Arkansas and Little Rock for a good healthy Boom. Address:

J-S. G. BL—NE,
Washington, D. C.

WILL GIVE all that Robert G. Ingersoll didn't get for a good clean record. Address:

ST-PH-N D-RS-Y,
c. o. R. G. I., Washington, D. C.

WILL EXCHANGE a short and sour banking experience for a position on the retired list in the Army.

Address: U. S. G—NT,
Wall St., New York.

I WANT TO EXCHANGE oblivion for a drink.

Address: R. B. H-Y-S,
Fremont, O.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—My Presidential prospects for a barrel of Anti-Fat.

Address: D-V-D D-V-S,
Washington, D. C.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—A nice, roomy cell in Ludlow St., for any place on board of an out-going steamer. No objections to the steerage.

Address: F-RD-N-ND W-RD,
care Sheriff Davidson.

I WILL EXCHANGE a large theatrical acquaintance, a good piano and a busted bank for half-an-ounce of popular confidence.

Address: J-M-S D. F-SH,
Wall St., New York.

WANTED TO EXCHANGE.—A War Record for a Second-Hand Grammar.

Address: J-HN A. L-G-N,
Washington, D. C.

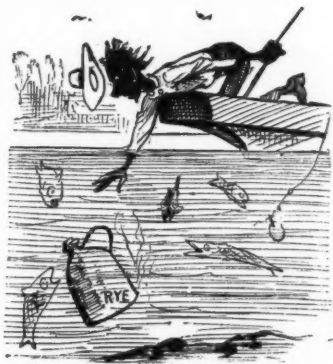
SIGNIFICANT SIGNS.



MR. CASHDOWN.—"Going anywhere this Summer for your health?"

MR. HANGITUP.—"Yes, I must go somewhere, for I can't live here any longer."

SICK-ROOM BULLETINS.



"Sinking Rapidly."



"Recovery Doubtful."



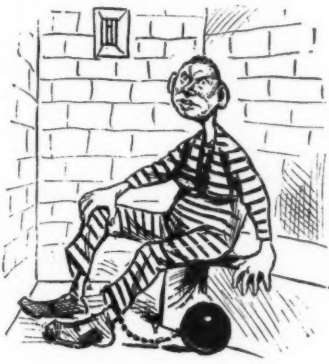
"No Cause for Alarm."



"Now Resting Comfortably."



"The Worst is Momentarily Expected."



"Will be Confined to the House for Some Time."



"Sat Up for the First Time this Morning and Took Some Nourishment."



"A Consultation is Now being Held on the Case."

EXAMINATION OF THE BANKER OF THE PERIOD.

COUNSEL FOR THE CREDITORS.—Now, Mr. Floored, tell me, if you please, what qualifications you had for a banker.

BANKER.—I wrote a handsome hand, had lots of friends, and good credit with my tailor.

COUNSEL.—Anything else?

BANKER.—Yes; I knew that a contract meant contracting for something.

COUNSEL.—Can you do a sum in addition?

BANKER.—I don't know; I never tried. What is addition, anyway?

COUNSEL.—For what did you give this check for seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dollars?

BANKER.—'Pon my life, I don't remember. Let me see. It wasn't for peanuts. I know I gave a check for some, but the amount was not quite so large. Yes, now I come to think of it, that seven hundred and eighty-five thousand dollar check was to pay my boot-maker.

COUNSEL.—Isn't that rather a large sum for boots?

BANKER.—No, it included shoes. I told him to make me a few dozen pairs a day. He's quite reasonable in his charges. I can really recommend him to you.

COUNSEL.—What were your household expenses?

BANKER.—I don't know. I used to hand my cook a signed blank check to fill in for what she wanted.

COUNSEL.—If a customer gave you a million dollars, what would you do with it?

BANKER.—I would invest it in contracts.

COUNSEL.—What kind of contracts?

BANKER.—I really don't know. Anything that came along: ice-cream, base-ball bats, hymn-books.

COUNSEL.—What profits did you make on these contracts?

BANKER.—Didn't make any profits.

COUNSEL.—Did you make any losses on them?

BANKER.—Nixey loss.

COUNSEL.—How was that?

BANKER.—Well, you see, they were not real contracts. They were imaginary. I made them with myself, in my head.

COUNSEL.—Did you keep any books?

BANKER.—Oh, yes; lots of books. I've got the best collection you ever saw. They've got daisy bindings.

COUNSEL.—Of what do they consist?

BANKER.—Oh, they're about horses. Then there are some novels and a few histories.

COUNSEL.—But I mean account-books.

BANKER.—Account-books? Do you mean ledgers, cash-books, and all that sort of truck?

COUNSEL.—Yes.

BANKER.—Well, I believe we used to have something of the kind in the office. The clerks used to write in 'em.

COUNSEL.—What did they write?

BANKER.—Please don't ask me conundrums. How should I know? Figures and red and black ink-lines, I suppose.

COUNSEL.—Did you ever make any entries in them yourself?

BANKER.—I think I did, on two or three occasions.

COUNSEL.—What were they?

BANKER.—Bless me, how you do worry a fellow! If you must know—I tried a new stylographic pen on an imaginary account one day.

COUNSEL.—What account was it?

BANKER.—You don't seem inclined to let up at all. How can I be expected to remember such a thing as that? I put down the first thing that came into my head.

COUNSEL.—How much capital had you when you started?

BANKER.—I don't know. I guess some other fellow must have had it.

COUNSEL.—How much money have you lost?

BANKER.—Don't know.

COUNSEL.—Was it five, ten, fifteen or twenty millions?

BANKER.—It might have been five, or it might have been eighteen, but I couldn't say for certain. I'm apt to forget, occasionally.

COUNSEL.—How much do you owe the Ultramarine Bank?

BANKER.—I don't know.

COUNSEL.—How much does the Ultramarine Bank owe you?

BANKER.—I really don't know.

COUNSEL.—Do you know enough to go in when it rains?

BANKER.—I really don't know.

COUNSEL.—Do you think you do?

BANKER.—Can't say.

COUNSEL.—Who is the President of the United States?

BANKER.—Don't know.

COUNSEL.—Where is New York?

BANKER.—Don't know.

COUNSEL.—What do you know?

BANKER.—Don't know.

COUNSEL.—Do you know what a jail is?

BANKER.—I believe it is a place where vulgar burglars and thieves are sent.

COUNSEL.—Do you think you ought to go there?

BANKER.—Don't know.

The banker, in company with officers of the establishment, is removed to a criminal-lunatic-asylum.

FEW WRITERS of fiction are more brilliant and expensive than Mr. Ferdinand Ward, of the celebrated Grant & Ward combination. His well-known works of imagination on "profits" on "oats," "hay," "corn" and "pork" are simply delightful. We don't remember ever having read anything so tersely fanciful.

TO SAY the least, it seems a little bit paradoxical that a paper, in a complimentary obituary notice, should say that the subject had gone to everlasting glory, and further on make allusions to his *sad end*.

IN MAY the maiden sets her heart
Upon a golden village-cart.

A HEN-COOP—Any Nunnery.

THE GIRL AND THE FENCE.

Did you ever see a girl trying to climb a fence? It is more of a show than a circus with a whitewashed elephant. This is the way she does it:

First she looks around to find out whether anybody is in sight. Then, if the coast is clear, she puts one foot on the second rail of the fence, and looks around again. Then she gives a little hop, and gets her other foot up on the second rail. Here she stops for a moment to rest and straighten her hat.

The next manoeuvre is the critical one—to get one foot up over the top rail. She steadies herself for a moment, then gives a quick little upward kick that does not quite reach the mark, but causes her to jump down on the ground again with a tiny scream and tuck her clothes in all around her. Again she surveys the surrounding country, and again hops up on the second rail.

This time she is bolder, and throws her foot clear to the top of the fence, where it catches by the heel on the top rail. It is now or never with her then—something must be done instant. Grasping the top rail with all her might, she pulls herself up till she sits a-straddle of the fence, with the landscape spread out beneath her like a map. If anybody appears in sight, she just drops off the fence as if she had been shot, and gathers herself up when she gets there.

If the coast continues clear, she proceeds, in a very leisurely manner, to get down on the other side of the fence. First she turns around, facing the way she came, and feels backward with the foot which is already over the fence for a good, steady, reliable rail. Having found such a rail, she plants herself upon it and sets to work to get the other foot over the fence.

This is a very difficult and embarrassing piece of strategy, and a good many girls will sit on the top of a fence half a day before they will attempt it. Some will even stay there until a horrid man comes along and lifts them off. Not so the truly courageous girl—she who is no more afraid to climb a fence than to sit in the same room with a mouse-trap. She will never give up the fort until she gets off that fence in the ancient and honorable manner of her sex.

She grasps the top rail and leans as far back as her arms will allow, and tries to coax the refractory limb over after her. Alas, it is too long, and she jumps back a-straddle, with a little laugh, and tucks her skirts around her again.

After a brief rest she tries another wrinkle.

She lies down flat on her face on the top rail, and tries to slide off sideways, as she has often seen her little brother do.

This would be all well enough, and would soon place her upon terra firma again, if she only had the courage to carry out her intention. But just as she is about to slip off pallid fear seizes her. She screams, rights up, and straddles the fence once more.

This sort of thing continues for five or ten minutes. Then the fair acrobat begins to get wrothy. She looks at the ground only three or four feet away, and makes up her mind that she will reach it some way or die. Die she will have to, some time, anyway.

So she settles her hat on her head with a determined look, steps back on the reliable rail, and with a mighty effort draws back her other foot to the very edge of the top rail, like an archer drawing an arrow to the head.

Oh, if it only were not for that French heel, she would be free! But, alas, it holds her there with the dull persistency of fate. A look of terror and despair comes over her countenance; her eyes stick out like buttons. She gives a quick backward leap and lets go.

What surprise, what delight! She finds herself alighting, right side up with care, on the soft turf, without so much as a feather jostled in her hat. She can't imagine how it happened so. She fully expected to be picked up a complete wreck, and carried home to die among her sorrowing friends.

But now that she is really safe and sound upon the dear old earth again, she looks up with unspeakable gratitude to the clear blue sky; then, brushing her skirts and beating them out so that they will hang straight, she vows that, should she ever have occasion to go 'cross-lots again, she will either go in a balloon, or else have a young man along to pull down the fences.

PAUL PASTNOR.

DAVID DAVIS is reported as saying: "If I ever do anything wrong, I shall not try to get out of it, but will throw myself on the mercy of the Court." If you should ever be brought into court before Mercy escaped, and should cut up such a caper as you say you would, Mercy would give in without a murmur. But for Mercy's sake, David, don't throw yourself all at once.

—*Peck's Sun*.

"No poet has yet worn the Garter," says an English journal. How is this, Ella? Come out and explain matters. —*Lowell Citizen*.

DARWIN says there is a living principle in fruit. We suppose he refers to the worm. —*Indianapolis Scissors*.

AN UNPOLITICAL PARALLEL.



"Fwat are yez doin', kickin' over me apple-shtand?"
"Lave me alone, ould woman—I was only makin' a horizontal reduction!"

MERIDEN, CONN.—1884.

Awake, O my love, from rhapsodical dreaming
'Mid poppies and roses that sprinkle your bed;
The golden hued rays of Aurora are streaming
Through lattice of yellow and curtains of red.

When the thin shrunken shank of the evening
was dwindling
I garnered the pale can of oil by the door,
And the demon-skinned coal and the skeleton
kindling
I strewed in confusion all over the floor.

So awaken, O love, without frenzied demurring,
And robe your lithe form to the throb of my
lyre,
And haply the flame of my tiger-cat purring
Will blaze in your soul as you build up the
fire.

—*Ella Wheelcox, in Chicago News*.

THE Boyleston prizes at Harvard College for proficiency in declamation were awarded a few nights ago to five persons; but we have not yet heard of their neighbors making arrangements to give the lucky students a grand ovation and torch-light procession on their arrival home. If they had won a walking-match it would have been different. —*Norristown Herald*.

If some Yankee would invent an "old bachelor's needle," he would make a fortune. The needle need not differ greatly from other needles, except at the eye, which should be about an inch in diameter. —*Philadelphia Call*.

—The Wrapper for Blackwell's Durham Long Cut is unique. The foil, which effectively preserves the freshness and aroma of the tobacco, is stamped into a silken surface. At the top is the triumphant Durham Bull, symmetrical in figure and lordly in proportion. Beneath are the Pyramids, on whose top an ambitious sculptor is carving—not excelsior, but which is the same thing—Durham. Enjoy the design before passing it over to the children.

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When she was a Child, she cried for CASTORIA,
When she became a Miss, she clung to CASTORIA,
When she had Children, she gave them CASTORIA.

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A SONG AT SIXTY.

My boyhood's home! How clearly rise
Thy varied scenes before mine eyes
In fair perspective.
I hear the bull-frogs in the pond—
The whippoorwill's weird notes respond
To thoughts reflective.

Again I see the old "worm fence"
Around the pasture-lot from whence
The cows lowed over
At milking time, as it they smelled
The many-windowed barn, that held
The corn and clover.

I see, beyond the garden-gate,
The gray bull-calf, that used to wait
To "hook" that gate off—
And flower-beds, where browsed the bees
'Neath overhanging cherry-trees
Whose twigs he ate off.

'Twas there, above the hollyhocks,
The bluebirds thronged the martin-box
That wrongly housed them.

There too, from out the red oak grove,
Their brother bandits came and strove
In vain to oust them.

And there, a flock of noisy geese
Down to the brimming pond in peace
Would oft meander—

To come again when day declined,
Wide-waddling homeward, strung behind
Their valiant gander.

All 's past—I only thought to spin
Gold thread of sunny dreams within
This cushioned "rocker."

My blood 's too slow—too weak my nerves
For poaching on the choice preserves
Of Frederick Locker.

—C. H. L., in *Phila. Evening Bulletin*.

"BAH JOVE," said Mr. De Boggs: "this is a musty old place, isn't it, now?"

"Yes," replied the young lady: "these old English ruins are not particularly attractive in some respects."

"No, they're not, indeed," assented De Boggs: "I would rather a doosid sight be at the hotel, don't yer know. And look at the cobwebs!" he went on, with a shiver: "I mustn't get near the cobwebs; they're awfully dirty, bah Jove."

"No," said the young woman: "you mustn't go near the cobwebs. If you should get tangled in one of those cobwebs the spider might eat you up.—*Drake's Magazine*.

PROFESSOR SWING has been writing on "The Uselessness of Profanity"—a sure indication that the Professor never partly removed a tight boot in church in order to induce thoughts in consonance with the place, and found, during the singing of the benediction, that no amount of pulling would get it on again, and he was obliged to hop home like a dog with its leg broken.—*Norristown Herald*.

THERE is considerable difference between a sacred white elephant and a political dark horse. It is principally in the "sacredness."—*Norristown Herald*.

Your physician is a fortunate fellow. When he treats the other man has to pay the bill.—*Boston Transcript*.

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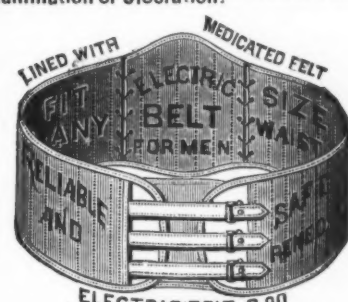
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He slowly walked along the street,
A man with a despondent air;
His eyes cast down toward his feet,
As if in quest of something there.

And as this melancholy man
Pursued his measured, solemn pace,
The passers-by would pause and scan
The anxious look upon his face.

At last one, bold and curious, cried:
"What do you seek, O man of gloom?"
"My name is Blaine," the man replied:
"And I have lost my little boom."

—Cincinnati Times-Star.

It is not generally known that Tennyson, in his early life, was a grain-speculator. In his "Locksley Hall" he tells us that he "dipped into the 'future.'" —Rochester Post-Express.

GEN. GRANT, when he has restored his general's pay of \$20,000 per annum, will feel that Congress "tempers the wind to the shorn lamb." —Boston Budget.

A FISHERMAN in Florida has seen a swamp-snake over thirty feet long. That fisherman had no eye to business, or he would have captured the snake and shipped it up North. Any Summer-resort hotel-keeper would have gone halves with him on the receipts of the season just for the sake of getting that snake into a lake near his hotel. The sea-serpent act always takes well, and as soon as one has been advertised a dime-museum don't stand any show. —Puck's Sun.

A QUICK-TEMPERED umpire at a base-ball game in Philadelphia fired a bat in the crowd that was bossing the game. It didn't hurt anybody, and it didn't even quiet the crowd, which went on and bossed the game through to the end. It is one of the privileges of freemen, bequeathed to us as a blood-bought inheritance by our revolutionary fathers, to abuse the umpire and run the game from the high seats of the grand stand, and the man who consents to umpire a game of base-ball might as well understand it. Why else do people attend a base-ball match? To see the opposing clubs play base-ball? Oh, foolish man, they don't play base-ball. They play the crowd for the gate-money. In the play, *Macbeth* and *Macduff* do not really and truly "fight." If you went to see the play a thousand times, you would see that it ended just that same way, every time. Why, we suppose you think that the horses race at a State-fair trot? —Burlington Hawkeye.

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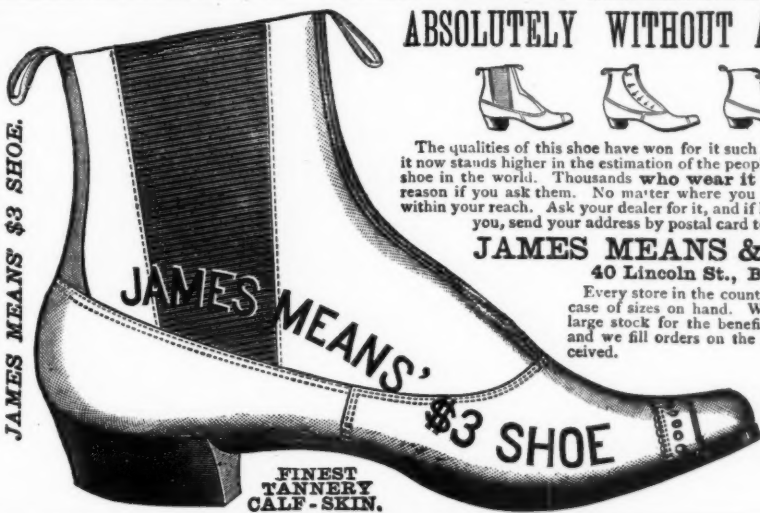
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DE man what tells one truth, although it may make de curmunity mad, is greater den de man whut tells a hunnerd lies ter please de neighborhood. Truth, follered in de right way, is de foundation o' dis worl's happiness. De liar may 'muse de folks, but nobody wants ter ax his 'pinion consarnin' a 'portant matter.—*Arkansas Traveler.*

"THE last clam-chowder of the Spring was served in this city Thursday night," says the *Nashua Telegraph*. Yes, the base-ball season is fully inaugurated, and manufacturers of the sphere find clams cheaper than rubber for cores. Obviously the chowder must go.—*Lowell Citizen.*

THE oldest church in America is St. John's, at Hampton, Va. A church will last very long in some towns; because they never use it.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

A GUSHING young miss in the —th Ward calls the principal of her school Experience, because he is such a dear school-master.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

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CONSUMPTION

I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 161 Pearl St., N. Y.



ON TO THE HORSE-POND! — A DECORATION DAY PROCESSION THAT THE PEOPLE WOULD HAIL WITH DELIGHT.